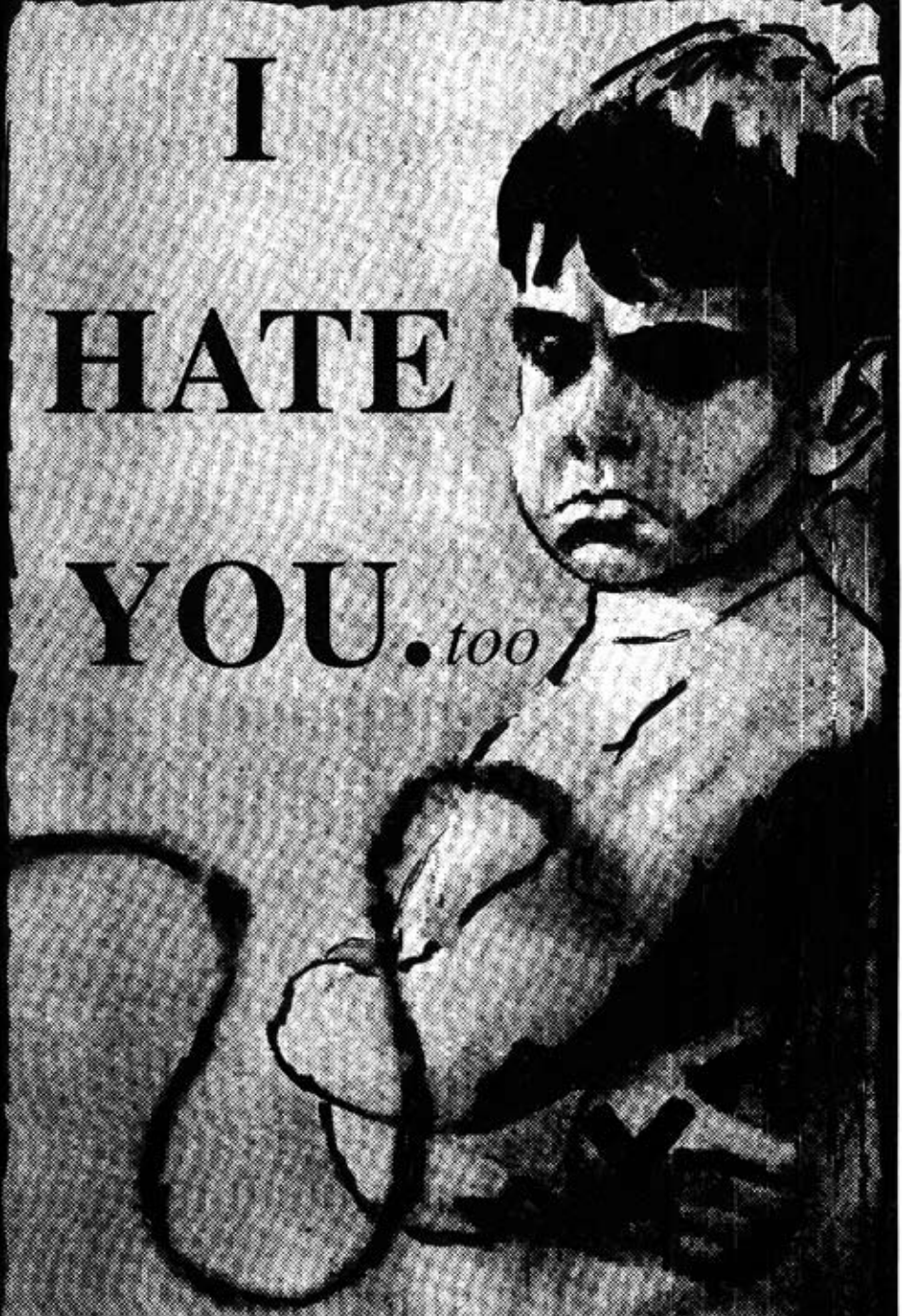


I
HATE
YOU. *too*



STRAIGHTEDGE FUCKZINE

IHATEYOU2

This is our zine and we fucking hate your guts. How's that for an introduction, you little fuckin fat pig ?

Why don't you just fuck off ? I hope this shit pulls some kind of emotion from you, be it anger or laughter, I don't care. If you don't get anything out of this, you're a little worthless fuck face. By the way, if you're not straight edge, you're already a little worthless fuck face, ha ha...

An open letter to all who got mad about **ihateyou...** I'm fucking gonna expand on that shit. I look at it this way, I'm straight edge, and you are not. This may hit hard or whatever, but the truth hurts. I know why you feel angry, and trust me, it's not anger. Listen, this is going to make you mad, but... oh well..

here goes... just calm down. You feel what's called inferiority. You feel left out; jealous. You feel out of place and stuff because we're better than you. Take it easy, you have every right to feel inferior. You feel inferior because you *are* inferior. Fuck you. I fuckin hate your guts.

Every time you light up that cigarette, every time you finish that beer, every time your pack your bowl, remember who's always going to be above you... remember who is always going to be better than you... remember, for the rest of your life... **STRAIGHT EDGE MEANS I FUCKING HATE YOUR GUTS.**



I hate you. I fuckin hate you. I hate you and all of your fuckin friends and your pathetic little games. I hate your sorry little "gansta" image. I hate your fucked up alternative, lalapalloser/woodstock, grungie, LSD taking, pot smoking, selves. I hate your keg carrying, beer guzzling, football playing, date raping, macho, faggot lifestyle. I hate you fuckin modern day, dirty, smelly, marijuana legalizing, wannabe hippies. As for hardcore... I fuckin hate you all. You shit talking, vegan power, hardline, step on my friends (in order to get my name in the hardcore hall of fame), PC, sceenster, dropout, hypocrite, too cool, mouthpiece hating (Ispeak for us all), gurl edging, money making, stage potato, band heckler, nice clothes wearing, wannabe Jonny Edge - Chisel, noise band playing, sellout assholes.

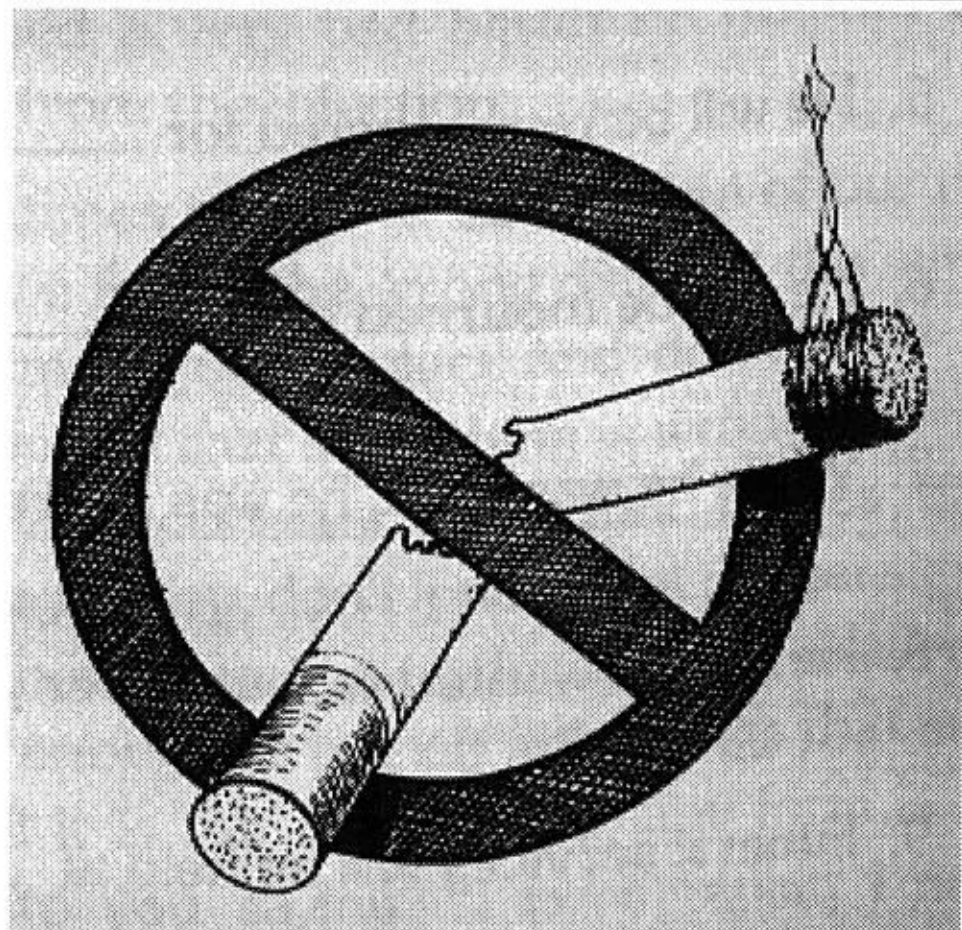
IHATEYOU

Jonny Edge

STRAIGHTEDGE

A little eye opener for ya...

Fuck your pot, fuck your beer, fuck your drugs, fuck your pearl jam, fuck your heavy metal, fuck your grateful dead, fuck your jeep, fuck your dumb ass alternative bands, fuck your life, and *fuck you*. We are so much better than you, it's almost disgusting.



"he was smoking . i asked him for a cigarette, like i was going to smoke the fucking thing. instead, i just crushed it in my hand and shoved it into his big fucking mouth. how dare he. there he was, unbelievably shocked, and spitting out tobacco fibers. so i grabbed the rest of his pack and shoved that into his big fucking jock mouth too. fuck him."

REPLACEMENT X CHORUS X

I HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY
YOU'VE JUST FUCKED UP AGAIN, MAN

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR A STRUNG OUT
LIKE YOU

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR VERBAL
SPEW

THE DRUGS TOOK YOUR MONEY
SOON THEY WILL TAKE EVERYTHING
YOU'RE JUST A STRUNG OUT LOSER
CAUGHT IN A FUCKING DRUG RING

AND I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.

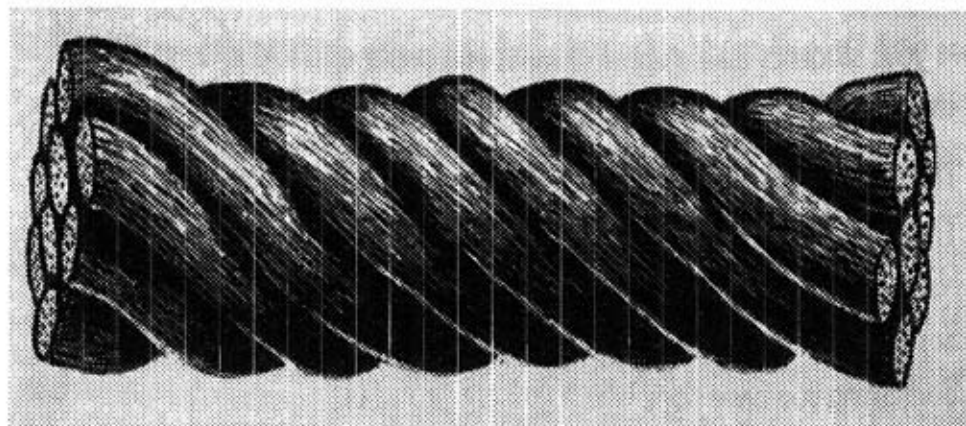


I HATE YOU



X STRAIGHTEDGE = BLOODSHED X

*"A HABIT IS A CABLE; WE WEAVE A THREAD
OF IT EVERY DAY, AND AT LAST WE CANNOT
BREAK IT."*



***FUCK
YOUR
ADDICTION***



GO AHEAD,
CLIMB YOUR
WAY TO THE
TOP. HIGHER
AND HIGHER
UP YOUR
LITTLE
HARDCORE
LADDER. BUT
LET YOU
KNOW...
WHEN YOU
FINALLY
REACH THE
TOP ILL BE
THE ONE
YOU'LL MEET.
AND DON'T BE
SURPRISED
WHEN I KICK
YOU IN THE
FUCKIN HEAD
AND THROW
YOU OFF.
PUSSY.

JONNY EDGE

so you hate me. i changed my life for the better and i still have to fucking prove myself to all of you. well fuck you. i don't have to prove shit. "why do you have to preach about it though?" shut the fuck up, bitch. i'll say whatever the fuck i want, whenever i want. you fuckin make me sick with your fucked up jock high school friends and your pathetic displays. your fucking beer and pot and their high platforms you put them on. fuck that. i'm fucking knocking them down. i'm knocking them all down and there's not a goddamned thing you can do about it. so, do you still have questions? then shut the fuck up. i'll talk whenever i damn well please, fat fuck. do you know why ???

X X X

because it's here. that's right. the armageddon of STRAIGHT EDGE is here and what are you going to do when it comes a knockin'? i'll tell you. you will do nothing. nothing will save you. you will die. it's that simple, bitch...

CHISEL



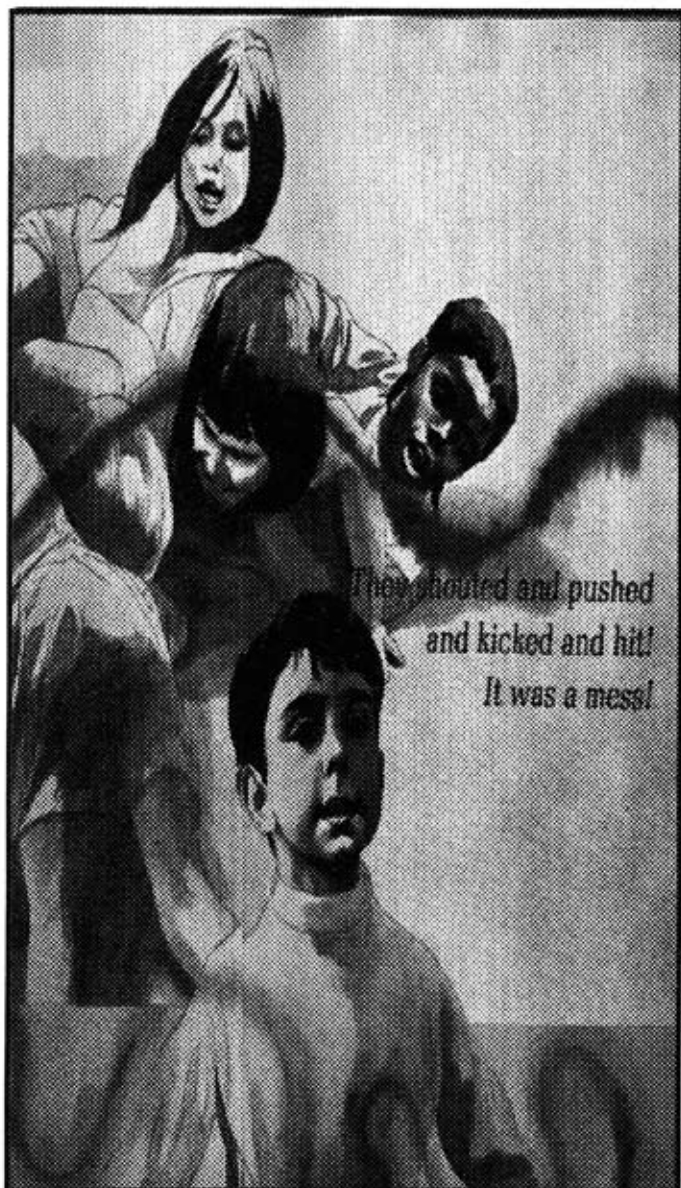
do me a favor, fuck face. go ahead and flip to the front of the fuckzine you're holding in your poison-covered palms. that's right, I HATE YOU. sofuckoffandeatshitdickhead. you're angry !! you're angry at my anger and vengeance on printed paper !!! HA fucking HA !!! i laugh in your fat fucking drug addict face, you asshole !! i hate you !! i hate you !! in fucking hate you !!!



THE END.

AND SO BE IT. PLEASE IF YOU HAVE ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS, OR YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT US, PLEASE CONTACT US AT THE ADDRESS BELOW. UNTILL THEN...
XX

PO BOX 134 LANSDOWNE, PA 19050



They shouted and pushed
and kicked and hit!
It was a mess!

I HATE YOU.

"This was an awful day," David said,
and he began to cry. He cried and cried.